

The BIRDS Harmony.

The Silvan woods seem'd to complain
of gross inconstancy, the Birds in vain

|| Did warble forth their griefs to ease their mind,
and all did Sympathize, though ease none find

Tune, The delights of the bottle &c.



As I was walking in the shade
Which Summers heat with leaves has made
The Birds did seem for to lament.
And did complain of grief and discontent;
As they fled from Tree to Tree,
They made such moan as sorely troubled me.

Then came the Cookoo loud and stout,
Singing the Countrey round about,
While other birds her young ones feed,
As they for help of others stand in need,
As Spies unkind no care doth take
To leave the young ones some strange shift to



Then said the Black-bird as she fled,
I had a Love but now she's dead,
And now my love I dearly lack,
Which is the cause that I do go in black,
And by my self I sadly mourn,
Like one forsaken, helpless, and forlorn.

Then said the pretty Nightrigale,
Attend and hear my mournful tale,
Whilst other Birds do sleep, I mourn,
Leaning my breast against some prickly thorn,
And in the silent darksome night,
To send forth mournful Notes I take delight.

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Then said the Sparrow from her Nest,
I had a Love but 'twas in test,
And ever since for that same thing
I made a promise I would never sing,
Which I intend for my loves sake,
that I will keep, and will by no means break.

Then said the Lark upon the grass,
once I did love a pretty Lark,
But she'd not hear her true Love sing,
although she had a voice wou'd please a King;
And since on high into the Air
I fly, that none my warbling voice may hear.

Then next for Robin the express,
what chang'd the colour of her breast
Because her love he would not yield:
she would desert the Grove and flowery field?
And near the Houses there complain
in Winter Morn, how she did love in vain.

The Swallow with the wings so long,
complain'd that she received wrong,
And being past all kind of hopes
of love, complain'd in strange confused Notes:
No one can understand her tale,
in such disorder she doth brawl and rail.

The Thresh also did make her moan,
and says that kindness she found none,
But love to be in silent holes,
where none may hear how she her case condoules
Far from the Houses in the wood
she chants her Notes, so little under stood.



The little Renn whose love unkind
did cause those griefs to cease her mind;
Which hindered her to grow or thrive,
because her love no longer could survive;
This was the cause she was so small,
her love being dead she could not thrive at all.

Thus may you see how little Birds
do grieve for love is mournful words,
Let men and women then be true
and constant to each others, so that you
In peace may live, and when you die,
you then may boast of Truth and Loyalty.

Let not your minds be discompos'd
when your poor eyes must needs be clos'd,
But rather let your faithful mind
be such as you from thence may comfort find:
Be kind, be true, that so you may
find peace on Earth, comfort another day.

Who so proves faithful, firm, and true,
shall have no reason for to rue,
But Triumph over griefs and death,
when he shall come to stop his latest breath;
Young people all let this you move,
for to be true and loyal in your love.

LONDON

Printed for M. Coles. T. Vere. J. Wright. J.
Clark. W. Thackery, and T. Passenger.